

Then And Now

Masta Killa

[Intro: Justice]

Yeah... what? What?

Justice.. yeah.. check it out

[Justice:]

I never hesitate to drop a verse, I rhyme first
Repeat it so often, it's well rehearsed
Rap stars, come through, rock the universe
I watch from afar just to see what they be doing first
Some was at they worst, dying of thirst
Others push through like the troops in Iraq, yo
But what did Bush do? See, I don't know a thing about politics
But flowing to the beat, is as dirty as my collar gets
The wildest child is gifted and talented
But change they style, will never wanna challenge it
You telling me to rhyme to the melody
I take time with my words like I'm in the spelling bee
If I don't make the grade, I don't make the record
Once that's accomplished, then my rhymes respect it
As long as we stay on track, and then
We can rhyme back to back, whatever, kid

[Chorus: Shamel Irief]

One, two, we coming with the Wu
Three, four, we knocking at your door
Five, six, we eat them grits
Seven, to the eight, we don't hate
Nine to the ten, and we still wanna win..
(Wanna win, wanna win...)

[Shamel Irief:]

Yo, I terrorize shorty with the Iron Palm
When I step on stage, I clutch the mic strong
That melody was flowing, while that beat was going
When the waves connect in my ear, that pen starts going
Cuz when I get on the mic, I rock it so ill
That's why they call me the Little Masta Kill'
I'm like rock and stone, put together
These dudes come in my face like "blah blah whatever"
So I had to hit the dude in the chest, B
These little fake MC's just want to test me
I thought I told you before, I'm not a toy
I'm just a young boy, what? Doing my thing
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, with the Brooklyn slang, come on

[Chorus]

[Young Prince:]

Wu-Tang Clan Killa Beez
Rock all my enemies, with the double D's
Double CD's, ride for the enemies
With the rocking-the-mic right, roll up with the typewrite
Rocking my Nike Flight, ballin' with the nice
And I'm rippin' the mic right, and you know who it is
It's the Young kid P, from the Brooklyn side
Brooklyn's Finest, Brownsville
Knew our attack, and what the gats do, Plaza, all day, baby

[Outro: Masta Killa]
Yeah... can't lose, and we still gon' win forever
Young Godz forever
Peace to the Gods and the Earths forever
Kareem Just, Shamel Irief, the Young Prince
Yeah, yeah, Allah Just you know how do this thing, man